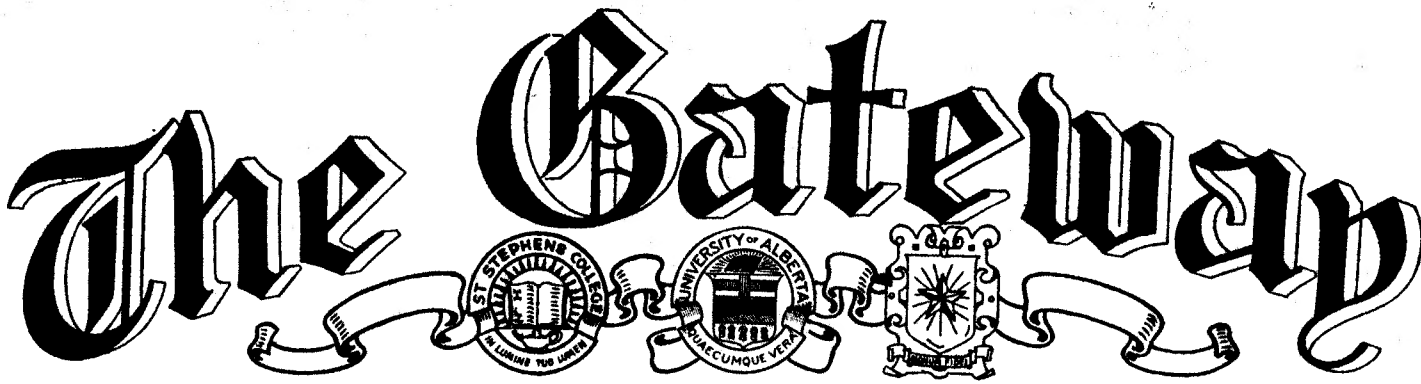


FLASH

Barbara Jarman and Peggy Aitken advanced to the semi-finals of ladies' singles in the Provincial Badminton Tournament at Glencoe Club this morning.



For The Midwinter— CORSAGES

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VOL. XXV, No. 30.

UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1935

FOUR PAGES

STUDENTS' UNION BUILDING PLAN FINDS FAVOUR

President Favours Idea Of Students' Union Building

Suggests That Students Start Fund and Later Secure Outside Assistance

The President of the University, when interviewed by The Gateway concerning a Students' Union Building, stated that in his opinion there was no question about the need for such a building. That this need had been felt for some time was obvious. He said that what was wanted at Alberta was a smaller edition of "Hart House," and he stated that unquestionably the University would some day have such a building. He hoped that that time would not be in the too distant future. The service rendered by a purely Students' Building, although incidental to the main purpose of education, was of equal importance and necessary to fully round out the life of a student. It should provide gymnasium facilities, swimming pool, a cafeteria, and in the main unit provision should be made for student offices proper, for subsidiary organizations, and for drama and music. In this manner the students would be given the opportunity to themselves cultivate and develop their own gifts. This self-development is necessary in a properly balanced system of education.

When asked if the government might consider giving the students such a building, Dr. Wallace said that the next piece of construction done by the government would be a library. Dr. Wallace made it clear that in his opinion the library was not needed more urgently than a Student Hall, but that the authorities were responsible in the first place for the academic side of the University, and they were first pledged to the building of a library unit.

Dr. Wallace said that if it was necessary to construct the proposed building in units, he would suggest that a gymnasium and swimming pool be our first concern. A permanent physical director would be employed to supervise the part of student life represented by such a wing and to either coach or train two of the major athletic teams. In this wing either a permanent or temporary place should be made for a student cafeteria or tuck shop. Not only would it bring in considerable revenue to the Students' Union, but such a place would perform a distinct service to the student body.

The President thought it would be very difficult for the students to undertake the work without any outside aid. What they should first do is establish a fund of their own to use as a lever in obtaining outside assistance. Most certainly the students would have to contribute, but with the idea of making it the basis for aid from the people of the province. This in his opinion was the most feasible way to go about the scheme.

If the students were forced to construct the building unassisted, it would be very difficult, although not impossible. Before the government could be approached for a loan, the student body would have to have at least a quarter of the \$150,000 necessary for a gymnasium unit. In the light of the past problem of building the Covered Walk, this would indeed be a task of some magnitude, but certainly not an impossible one.

Dr. Wallace went on to say that the authorities were at present exploring the possibilities of donations from certain persons in the province. He said a Students' Union Building was a project which he was quite certain would be very attractive to many people, and one which they would gladly support. Dr. Wallace stated that he by no means thought such a building was an impossibility in the near future, but that he had bright hopes for a Students' Union Building and at not too distant a time.

As amateurs, our first impression was one of set, almost stolid, types of figures. There is a certain aloofness that intrigued us as we contrasted it with the revealing art of our day. The motion suggested was precise, deliberate, in the men, and delicate, prim in the women. No flowing rhythm, no abandon, to excite our sensations, but, withal, a charm that is seldom found nowadays—cool and restful.

We chuckled delightedly over "Wheeling on Riverside Drive," on the so-called penny-farthing bicycles. It is peculiar that that type of amusement is so far removed from our ideas of this phase of human endeavour. It strikes us that the activities of the Greeks and Romans, centuries back, are more in line with ours than are those of the Victorians, comparatively few years ago.

To return to the technique—we found it excellent to be able to depend upon the fact that what we saw was really what we meant to see. No confusing zig-zags of light, no more mountains coming to Mahommed turning out to be a bowl of cherries, but natural men and women against a natural background. We found the features of the faces very strongly marked, decided chins and noses that you could not mistake. We found the faces heavy in expression, but the coloring delicate.

I think the exhibit may be described as a mediocre collection of engravings. There are the inevitable exceptions of course, an illustration being Abbey's "An Afternoon Bout at Tennis." Also, have you noticed the excellent drawing of the lilac silk dress of the lady in the Buckingham Palace scene? These prints are mainly reproductions from magazines, and the engraver has managed to give them a lamentable sameness. But they are definitely realistic, and hold our interest, so that we look forward to seeing the next selection of exhibits.

The husband says to his wife, after telling her the fate of her lover, "It might have been me." She replies, "Yes, it might have been you."

Jack Chalmers played the "heavy" with skill; Miss Aldwinckle brought splendid understanding and clear direction to a difficult role; the reliable Mr. Kent gave his usual splendid performance.

Norah Young is responsible for capable direction. George (call him Barrymore) Casper, provided some hair-raising, albeit authentic, sound effects as chief thunder and lightning.

—M. J. F.

CALGARY SLEUTH EFFECTS EXPOSURE

Gateway to Open Subscription
Box to Assist Prosecution

CALGARY, Alta., Feb. 8.—Working hand in hand with Edmonton, Calgary, Provincial, Dominion and Leduc police authorities, this writer has finally succeeded in the end toward which he has spared neither time, money, friends, nor enemies—the complete and unqualified exposure of the so-called campus "Women Haters' Club."

The end came with dramatic suddenness. Although our operatives had warned us that an imminent "break" was expected, we were not prepared for the sudden end of our quest for truth, justice, and honor.

Time after time we have built up a case (no connection with The Gateway-Publicity Department) against the so-called "Women Haters," only to have our witnesses suddenly and mysteriously refuse to testify at the last moment. This time there will be no mistake. Our operatives will see to that. That's what they're paid for.

Now for the exposure: Miss Hepzibah Klauts, prominent Calgary social satellite, has given us a sworn statement that she was twittering with one, E. Bishop, sometimes known as president of the so-called "Women Haters," on the afternoon of August 23, 1931. Miss Klauts, whose real name we are withholding to prevent tampering, states that there can be no mistake about the person with whom she was twittering, although he told her he was a visiting cattleman from Leduc.

It is expected that The Gateway will open a fund through its columns to assist the prosecution.

IMPRESSIONS

We came out of our Phil. 51 lecture, our mind concerned with the theories of the formidable School of Stoics, into an atmosphere affording a striking contrast. The superficialities of the later Victorian era surrounded us, and we adjusted our minds to this new viewpoint on life. Those of you who are awake to the obvious will realize that we are discussing the art exhibit in the Arts Building in a non-technical manner.

As amateurs, our first impression was one of set, almost stolid, types of figures. There is a certain aloofness that intrigued us as we contrasted it with the revealing art of our day. The motion suggested was precise, deliberate, in the men, and delicate, prim in the women. No flowing rhythm, no abandon, to excite our sensations, but, withal, a charm that is seldom found nowadays—cool and restful.

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—M. J. F.

Al Wilson's Boys Whitewash Leduc in Intermediate Opener

Tallman Replaces Maybank in First Period When Ralph Took One On the Chin

Displaying the most brilliant form of the present season, the green and gold sextette last night at the local rink decisively turned back the Leduc hockey squad to the tune of 7 to 0 in the opening game of the first playdowns for the Intermediate hockey championship of Northern Alberta. An otherwise joyful occasion was marred by the fact that just five minutes after play got under way Ralph Maybank, stellar goalie of the Varsity gang for the last two seasons, took it on the chin with one of Sauchek's burning drives. The goal was saved, but Ralph had to have a little stitching done to his face. This accident put him out of the game for the rest of the night, and he most certainly will not be in uniform to oppose Leduc on Saturday next.

"Shorty" Tallman, the Varsity sub-goalie, took Pete Gordon's uniform, and turned them back for the Varsity the remainder of the game. Both teams were on their toes for the full sixty minutes, and the play was not nearly as one-sided as the score might make it read. The stopped shots on goal were the same for both teams, but Varsity's shots went truer to the net than did those of the Maple Leafs. Al Wilson's proteges were working hard all the time, especially those "sixty minute" defense men, Talbot and Stark. They teamed up nicely to dishearten the Leduc forwards when they came down on Shorty.

Varsity Scores One
Back checking in a strenuous fashion that was new to the Al's boys, those Leduc laddies hustled around in a great fashion all through the first period to worry the boys, but Varsity's grand old man, Jack Talbot, did a few ballet steps for them that turned the tables on this baffling stuff. Blades of the Maple Leafs burned some smooth shots in on Tallman, but he took care of them in a masterful manner, even when they looked like sure ringers. About this time Duke Ferguson and Jack Dunlap teamed up for some very pretty plays, which brought Woods down to his knees, but failed to click on the rebounds. Body checking was indulged in at all times as Varsity put on the pressure, but Cruikshank beat them all just before the bell to notch the first counter as Munro returned to the ice from the penalty box.

Varsity Scores Three More
When the second frame opened Varsity continued to put on the pressure, hemming the southern pucksters inside their own blue line until Chilmick broke away to give Shorty an opportunity to make a marvellous save. Nick, Duke and Dunlap teamed up for some lovely combination plays that seemed to petre out in a scramble in front of the goal, until Jack picked up the loose puck to make it two up for Varsity.

From the face-off Jack Talbot got away in a beautiful solo effort, only to be tripped by Kowal, who made a trip to the cooler. With only five men to beat Varsity staged a power play that gave Willie Scott his first tally, and Varsity was three up. Stark went to the box for the same reason as Kowal came back, but failed, except to get Chilmick into the hot spot as Stark came back. From the face-off Scott picked up a loose puck to annex another counter, and Varsity was four up. Leduc started to get serious about their power plays, but Shorty handled them all like a veteran until the bell went.

And Now It's 7-0
In the opening of the third period both teams were showing the strain of those first two melees, but Leduc weakened first. Willie Scott discovered a new play. He'd skate backwards in front of the Leduc forwards and snake the puck away from them, then he'd skate to beat sixty until he hit the opposition goal. It worked.

Condition told in these final minutes, and five Varsity men were down inside the Maple Leafs blue line for all of the period. The inevitable result was that Woywitka, Ferguson and Scott all got goals without Leduc having a look-see at all, even though they worked hard and managed to collect two penalties. When the bell went Munro and Dunlap were on their way to the showers.

Summary:
First period — Varsity, Cruikshank (19:50). Penalties: Munro, Scott.
Second period — Varsity, Dunlap (10:00); Scott (3:00); Scott (3:00). Penalties: Kowal, Stark, Chilmick.
Third period — Varsity, Woywitka (6:30); Ferguson (2:00); Scott (6:00). Penalties: Waksel, Munro, Dunlap.

Lineup:
Leduc: Maple Leafs—Woods, Chilmick, Kowal, Heidler, Blades, Kaksel, Rayner, Sauchek, Munro.
Varsity—Maybank, Tallman, Talbot, Stark, Gibson, Scott, Cruikshank, Woywitka, Ferguson, Dunlap.
Referee—Bill Broadfoot.

**AND WHAT
OF YOUTH?**
D. E. Cameron to Lead Philosopher in Discussion of "The Prospect For Youth"

This problem of youth! Is the genius of yesterday to be found in our youth of today? Have they the ability and resourcefulness to unwind this old world from its perplexing evil of difficulties and start it rolling down the road to prosperity? This all-important question is to be delved into and extricated from its depth of darkness at the next Philosophical meeting to be held on Wednesday, Feb. 13, in Convocation Hall. The leader of the discussion is that well known and interesting speaker, Mr. D. E. Cameron, Librarian of the University.

The series of papers for the current term was opened by Dr. Wallace when in the initial meeting he spoke on "This Thing Called Liberty." The President pointed out the necessity for individual thought and action in the field of politics and industry. Changes are taking place. Are the youth of today prepared to shoulder the responsibility which is to fall on them? Dr. Cameron will take up this discussion.

The final paper of the term is to give the object of all this discussion an opportunity to declare itself and what it thinks of its own prospects. Ralph Collins, well adapted and intimate with student activity here and abroad, is to lead this discussion, "Education and Reconstruction."

Will leave the Arts Building at 7 p.m. Saturday for the hockey game at Leduc. Tickets—to be had from the Publicity Department—will be 50c return.

BUSES
Will leave the Arts Building at 7 p.m. Saturday for the hockey game at Leduc. Tickets—to be had from the Publicity Department—will be 50c return.

Union President Considers Students' Building Necessary

The Gateway in an interview with Mr. Bierwagen in respect to a Students' Union Building asked him the following questions, to which his replies are printed below.

Question: Do you believe this is an opportune time to make plans for a Students' Union Building.

Answer: Yes. If any substantial outside assistance were forthcoming at the present time, either from the government or from philanthropic sources in the form of donating, it would be quite feasible to build at least one wing of a Students' Union Building. This wing would provide those student facilities which are so urgently needed, namely, a swimming pool and adequate gymnasium facilities. To proceed with the project under the present circumstances would have the obvious advantage of allowing the building to be undertaken at a time when labor and materials are cheap. If some money were obtained from an outside source, even although it were insufficient to construct a wing for such a building, the students would be justified in levying a special fee, provided work on the proposed building could be started at once. Without a substantial outside contribution, the erection of a building couldn't be commenced at once, and the students couldn't be asked to pay a fee for which they were getting absolutely nothing in return.

Question: Do you believe any outside help could be obtained?
Answer: Certainly it might, and certainly all possibilities should be canvassed.

Question: Could the money be borrowed from the government at a low interest so construction could start immediately? This money would have to be paid back by the students as under the suggested plan in 1930.

Answer: No, for it would necessitate too heavy a fee being levied on the students to refund the money borrowed. The students in 1930 turned down such a scheme, and would in all likelihood do so again.

Question: Do you consider it would be advisable to start a fund with the intention of constructing a building five or ten years hence, if no outside contributions could be obtained?
Mr. Bierwagen simply answered "Yes."

Question: How do you think such a fund could be built up?
Answer: There are several possibilities. Our reserve funds of approximately \$5,000 consisting of the rink reserve, the Students' Union general reserve, The Gateway reserve and the Evergreen and Gold reserve, if necessary, could be appropriated for such a purpose. To this fund could be added the surpluses from the various departments in each year. While this fund would grow very slowly it would have the advantage of not requiring any special tax to be levied on the students.

Question: If the present reserves of the student organizations were turned over into a fund for a Students' Union Building, would this impair Union financing?
Answer: Conceivably it might. It would require the most skillful financing on the part of every student organization. The rink would have to be operated on a profit basis, which would necessitate the raising of rentals, ticket rates, etc., and in another fifteen or twenty years a new levy would have to be made on the students to replace the rink. Such financing might be possible.

Question: What sort of building do you think should be built?
Answer: One similar to Hart House. It should eventually contain student administrative offices, swimming pool facilities, reading and common rooms, gymnasium, restaurant, tuck shop, beauty parlor, auditorium, etc. The building could be put up in units, and thus completed over a period of years. Certainly our first need would be for a gymnasium and swimming pool.

Question: About what would a building such as you have outlined cost?
Answer: The total cost would be upwards of \$400,000, while a gym unit would be about \$150,000.

The necessity for such a Student Building is obvious and would add a great deal to the students' life. It would be a centre of student activity with all the advantages derived from the mingling of the students, and it would also furnish recreative facilities at a very low cost.

C.O.T.C. NOTICE
Special Part I Orders by Lt. Col. E. H. Strickland, Commanding U. of A. C.O.T.C.

1st Feb. 1935.
"A" and "B" Certificate Part I Practical War Office Examinations
The above examinations will take place as under:
Date—Saturday, Feb. 9th, 1935.
Time—13:30 hrs. (1:30 p.m.) sharp.
Place—Prince of Wales Armoury (104th St. and 108th Ave.; red and green car to 104th St. and 107th Ave.).
Dress—Officers, uniforms and Sam Browns.
Cavalry other than officers—Boots, breeches, tunics, caps, puttees, bandoliers and spurs.

Artillery Survey, Machine Gun, Signals, Infantry and Medical — Boots, puttees, breeches, tunics, caps, belts, bayonets, pouches and shoulder straps.
Bonuses—A \$5 bonus will be paid to all successful candidates.
University Lectures and Labs—The President, Dr. Wallace, has kindly allowed all candidates taking the examination to be excused lectures and labs, after 11:30 a.m.

Dinners—In order to allow candidates to parade on time, dinners for resident candidates have been arranged in Athabasca Hall for 12:00 noon.
Street Car Tickets—Those taking the street car to and from the Armoury will be given the necessary tickets for the return trip.

Time of Parade—The examinations will commence at 1:30 p.m. sharp, and candidates will be expected to be in the Armoury in time to fall in at 1:25 p.m.

You are urgently requested to be punctual and properly dressed in the order laid down.
P. S. WARREN,
Captain and Adjutant,
University of Alberta, C.O.T.C.

Note re Part II Written Examinations
Part II Examinations will take place in Convocation Hall at 7:00 p.m., Tuesday, March 5th.
Candidates will be eligible to try this examination whether they pass Part I or not, but certificates will only be granted to those who pass both Parts I and II.

C.O.T.C. training will cease on March 6th.

SENIOR CLASS TO PRESENT MIDWINTER FORMAL



THE GATEWAY

The Undergraduate Newspaper, Published by The Students' Union of the University of Alberta

Gateway Office: 151 Arts. Phone 32026.

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THE PUBLICITY DEPARTMENT

Born in the Bierwagen regime, the much publicized publicity department has been with us almost a whole term. The department, created primarily to broadcast the great and good deeds of the students of the University of Alberta over the province, has been faced with an impossible task. The people of this province would much rather hear the "going-ons" of the students, and we can't do very much about it. This conception of the purpose of the department (looking at it in retrospect) was doomed to failure.

The Publicity Department has, however, had many other activities besides the Bierwagen conception. Its first movement was to launch out on a program of internal enthusiasm. It held "Pep Rallies" which were a great success, but the department of Men's Athletics claims at least half the credit for the "Pep Rallies." Gates for rugby games were increased, but whether this was because we had a good team or because of the "Pep Rallies" is an unanswerable question. Certainly in apportioning the reward the Publicity Department cannot be entirely ignored.

The department in question had much to do with getting Alberta a new song—its own college song. Opinion seems divided whether this was a good or bad thing for Alberta. There was a parody written on it called "The Varsity Beer Song"—quite a convivial thing.

During registration there were six pages of questions to be answered for the Publicity Department files. The use that will be made of these files is somewhat nebulous. True, The Gateway is indebted to them for information, and no doubt some local papers will be gratified to receive a history of its local boy who has won some prize. Yet a year's accumulation of these questionnaires is not a problem to be lightly dismissed in this overcrowded university.

The department has saved university clubs and associates over a hundred dollars by centralizing placard advertising. Now all signs are made by an overtown firm, and thus obtained at a cheaper rate than if they were farmed out to students. We merely wonder if it was such a bad thing when in the past efficiency had not yet gripped the Union and students were allowed to make the money.

At Christmas triangular Varsity stickers were handed out to those who would take them. These stickers were to be pasted on grips, suit-cases, etc., to inform all and sundry that its possessor was a rah-rah boy straight from college. American college-magazine spirit intensified, compressed and concentrated in the form of stickers to reek all over the province of "collegism."

The newly-created Department of Publicity has shown boundless enthusiasm; it has cut across the paths of established student organizations, and so naturally has not received the fullest co-operation. This was only to be expected. It has jarred some branches of the Students' Union into activity and increased the efficiency of others. But it is alien to what we consider to be the best Canadian university life, and it partakes too much of the nature of high-pressure salesmanship and bill-board advertising to be successful in the University of Alberta. It is to be hoped that our next Council, if not this one, will reconsider the advisability of a Students' Union Publicity Department. At least may they change the name.

A GYM FUND

One way in which a gym fund could be very rapidly built up would be by an assignment of caution money. If all the students would forebear drawing out any caution money due them at the end of each year and allow it to be directed to a gymnasium fund, and the Board of Governors would release all their claims against caution money for breakages, in a very few years we would have a very respectable sum. This scheme may not be quite equitable in that students would not all be contributing the same amount, yet it has possibilities and should be investigated.

THIS QUESTION OF A HOLIDAY

Apparently the Faculty Council feel that we are deserving of a holiday, but that the reform should not be initiated until next year. This, of course, is hearsay. We suggested previously that The Gateway might declare a holiday strictly for humanitarian motives.

THE POLITICAL SCIENCE CLUB

The club this year doesn't seem to be any better, if as good, as it was last year. This despite the budget voted the club by the Council under pressure. As the vote of money to the club was in the nature of an experiment everything possible should be done to justify the continuation of the grant.

EDUCATION?

The session is entering upon its last phase. It will not be long till the sweating and cramming incidental to examinations will begin. Formulae, dates, miscellaneous facts of all descriptions, must needs be impaled in our minds for reproduction in April. After which date they may be completely and utterly forgotten—as indeed they usually are. How many seniors in the class of '35 could today even make a "pass" in the Junior courses they studied three years ago?

The average student will glibly tell you why he is here: "To secure an education." Quaecumque Vera! If questioned as to what he understands by education, he will agree that it is—an applied to the intellect—the process by which we are taught to exercise our rational judgment in the formation of our opinions and decisions. He may not express it in quite those words, but he will substantially concur with such a definition. The broad principles upon which this process rests are also fairly clear to him: the acquisition of a knowledge of the experience of the past, and the exercise of his faculties of judgment and organization upon that experience. To what extent, then, is this process successful?

All too often the student passively attends lectures ably presented by learned professors who, with commendable zeal and patience, bombard a class with a barrage of facts. The aforesaid facts are faithfully (albeit somewhat blindly) transferred to the student's note-book. There they lie more or less dormant till examination time when they are resuscitated and returned to their original custodians. Three years of such operations and the student, if reasonably successful at the game, is awarded a degree. For he has completed his University education, which means (or does it?) that he has demonstrated his ability to exercise his rational judgment in the formation of his opinions and decisions. The fault of course lies primarily with the student. All too often the problems are blatantly paraded before his eyes while he, with thoughts on more important things, faithfully notes the parade and remains blissfully unaware of the deeper implications. Is nothing to be done?

The solution is obvious in principle if more difficult to actually effect. Why are such students permitted to graduate? We all deplore the "ramshackled and rickety thinking" so prevalent today, but if a student does not exhibit ability to think clearly, we are not compelled to give him a degree. Possibly in the professional courses mere rote memory is all-important. But in the Liberal Arts and Sciences this can hardly be the case. Do not misunderstand us. Thinking without knowledge is not only futile, but dangerous. But why must a University graduate students whose only accomplishment is a faithful reproduction of lecture material? We have reason to believe the authorities themselves are acutely conscious of this fault, and have already mooted suggestions for remedying the defect. We only hope the reform will be speedily effected.

CHOOSING A CAPTAIN

Alberta athletic teams are behind the times in many things. Some of them are hard to remedy, but many of them just lag behind because there is no interest taken in the restituting of them. One of these latter faults, which may at first glance seem minor but is in reality a very important factor in determining the morale of a team, has to do with the choice of a captain. Under the present system at Alberta, team captains are chosen just prior to the team going into competitive action, usually a day or two before their initial game, and before the men know each other.

In an institution like our University each senior team which takes the field in succeeding years has a good sprinkling of new material on it. Often with these new men, hangs the balance as to who will captain the team. A captain on any team must have certain qualities of generalship and personality which are well known to any member of an athletic team. These qualities can be shown and tested only under the heat of action, and it is only in such action that others can judge if a certain individual would be acceptable as a captain. The fresh men cannot know as well as the veterans of the team who is the best man for certain. Often the veterans themselves forget who it was in the preceding year helped to drive the team on or who it was cracked under the strain. Captains should be chosen at the completion of the playing season.

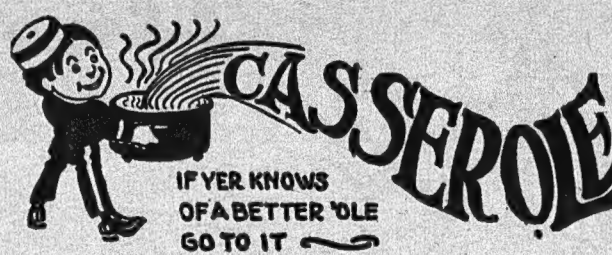
The men who have just finished a campaign know who of their number is best suited for captaincy. They should be the ones to make the choice, and the choice should be made while the memories of the season are still fresh in their mind.

The minister had just married an elderly and rather dour Scot to a woman considerably younger, and after the ceremony he remarked to the bridegroom—"Well, Macpherson, you'll be going on a honeymoon now?" "Honeymoon?" echoed Mac. "What's that?" "Oh, you know," laughed the clergyman. "A little trip somewhere together before you settle down to married life."

The bridegroom shook his head morosely. "A na!" he said, "I dinna hold wi' gallivantin' about wi' a strange wumman."

"I tell you I won't have this room," protested the sweet young Pembinites. "I'm not going to pay out good money for a measly little pigsty with a folding bed in it. You think just because I'm from Wetaskiwin—" Disgusted, the boy cut her shot. "Get in, miss. Get in. This ain't your room. This is the elevator."

At miners' first aid exam:
Examiner—What would you do if you found a man in a fainting condition?
T.Z.—I'd give him some brandy.
Examiner—And if there was no brandy?
T.Z.—I'd promise him some.



Morrie Douglas—You girl called up and said she wouldn't be able to meet you today.
Jack Stewart—Well, that's a wait off my mind.

Boss—So you want to quit. Aren't the wages high enough?

Boles—The wages are all right, sir, but I'm afraid I'm doing a horse out of a job.

Travelling home from the Tivoli Thursday night, two bright young things on the bus were discussing the doings of the week.

First B.Y.T.—My dear, I cannot come on Wednesday. I'm due at Mrs. Smith's tea-party, after which I must go straight on to Mrs. Jones' dance.

Second B.Y.T.—Make it Thursday, then.

First B.Y.T.—Impossible, my dear. I'm at Mr. Green's (not Bilge Greene) whist drive on Thursday—

And so on till they came to the end of their journey.

The conductor turned after letting them off, and remarked: "Jees, pal, those waitresses must have a busy time."

Dr. Cook—Now, if I subtract 25 from 37, what's the difference?

Helen Sproule—That's what I say. Who cares?

Mary Davidson—Have you brought many people to your way of thinking?

Art Bierwagen—No. Public opinion is something like a mule I owned when I was a kid. To keep up the appearance of being the driver I had to watch the way he was going and follow on behind.

Prize-winners at Community Carnival:
Mrs. Smith won the ladies' rolling pin throwing contest by hurling a pin 75 feet.
Professor Smith won the 100-yard dash.

Two lunatics were airing their grievances in the asylum grounds.

Said one: "It's an outrage. I've been in here ten years, and I'm as sane as anybody."

"So am I," chimed in the other, "and I've been here twelve years. Let's go and tell the governor."

"Wait a minute," said the first. "I'm going to test you first. What have I got behind my back?"

"A street car," said the second.
"You cheated! You saw me pick it up," was the heated retort.

Scott and Bishop were riding overtown on the street car. Bob noticed that Ted has his eyes closed.

"Whassamatter, Ted?" he asked. "Feeling ill?"
"No," replied Bishop, "but I hate to see women standing."

Flirtation is paying attention without intention.

"Blimey"—What are you knitting?
Doris Brown—Something to cheer up the boys.
"Blimey"—Why, the war's over long ago.
Doris—This is my bathing suit.

Sid Sutherland (driving along a lonely road)—You look lovelier to me every minute. Do you know what that's a sign of?
Marion—Sure. You're about to run out of gas.

"Let me kiss those tears away, sweetheart," begged Tommy Taylor tenderly.

Lois Whitby fell into his arms and he was very busy for a few moments. But the tears flowed on.

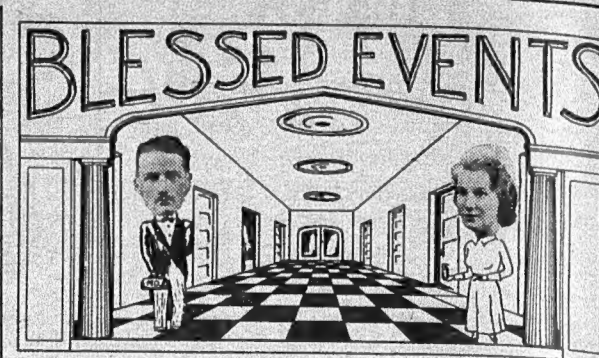
"Will nothing stop them?" he asked breathlessly.
"No," murmured Lois. "It's hay fever, but go on with the treatment."

Casper—I hope you got my check.
Mr. McCoppen—Yes, twice—once from you and once from the bank.

Winter is a season when you keep the home as hot as it was in summer when you kicked about it.

Nancy Evans—Johnny sure is dumb. I asked him if he had read "The Three Musketeers," and he said he didn't like books about insects.

Lois Whitby—Where can I get that book? I like to read about insects.



Lois Whitby
Larry Alexander

A recent news item informs us that the employees of a Mexican oil company are asking for, amongst other things, twenty per cent. of the profits of the enterprise, a share in the management of the company, and in addition such items as a polo field and ponies, a fully equipped golf course, a swimming pool, instruction in the technical aspects of the oil business, and a thousand acres of land apiece for them to live on in case the oil business proves unprofitable. Apparently the company is expected to provide all these things "on its own" as it were. In view of this fact the last request, to provide each employee with a thousand acres of land to live on "in case the oil business proves unprofitable" seems almost like adding insult to injury. The alternative offered by the employees to the granting of these demands is that they all go on strike. We are all in favor of employees being given a square deal, and even perhaps a good deal more, but when they begin demanding things which even under the best of conditions they could scarcely provide for themselves, the whole thing seems a bit thick. It all reminds us of a recent event near home when a coal company in the Drumheller valley got into difficulties and the miners struck for higher wages. Finally the owners offered to turn the whole company over to the miners to operate as they pleased, with no strings attached to the gift. This the miners refused to do, apparently feeling that they would not be able to make as much as they were already getting, but none the less they continued their demands to the management for an increase in pay. It is obviously a good deal easier to ask for things than to get them for yourself.

Hollywood's insidious influence has crept into the most philosophic of our faculty minds. Dr. Macdonald was caught consulting his psychology class about the vagaries of Greta Garbo and Mae West!

Not so very long ago we sent to a newspaper a story concerning registration of students at the University of Alberta. In the course of this story

we mentioned the fact that twenty-one students come here from the city of Vancouver, and commented in view of the fact Vancouver is in

another province and over 700 miles away " . . . this is a somewhat remarkable number." The manuscript was returned to us some time later (the paper didn't print the story) with words pencilled in to make the above phrase read, " . . . this is said to be a somewhat remarkable number." You can't be too careful just how you say a thing in a newspaper—you never can tell when someone might read it!

The Militant Misogynists—not content with releasing their propaganda in the columns of The Gateway—have gone so far as to carry the war into

the very camp of the enemy. FEMBINITES T.W.H. and T.O.W.H. made a tender picture, shyly smirking on the

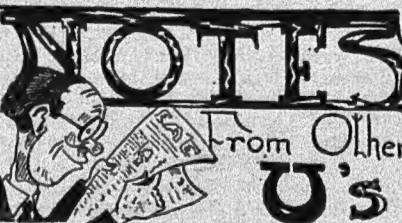
steps of Pem for the photographer. And T.W.H., with another notorious male, stayed to dinner with the palpitating Pembinites. What, goils, no fighting spirit? That was "feeding the hand that bit you."

The co-ed hockey team has made history. Four goals in two weeks—not counting the many scored against The Gateway! The sports

writers are baffled, the old-timers astounded, and the girls themselves practically delirious. The student

body is awakening to the fact that a miracle is taking place beneath its eyes, and for the first time in the memory of the oldest inhabitant, the game on Tuesday

drew a sizable gathering of fans.
Mitchell Hepburn, Ontario's live-wire premier, who has been drastically reducing all government departments, paid a visit to Callender recently. It is rumoured that he intends to cut the Dionne quintuplets down to three.



Getting out this column is no picnic. If we print jokes people say we are silly,

If we don't, they saw we are too serious.

If we clip things from other magazines, we are too lazy to write them ourselves;

If we don't, we are stuck on our own stuff.

If we stick close to the job all day, we ought to be out hunting up news.

If we do get out and try to hustle, we ought to be on the job in the office.

If we don't print contributions, we don't appreciate true genius.

If we do print them the column is filled with junk.

If we make a change in the other fellow's write-up,

We are too critical;

If we don't, we are asleep.

Now, like as not, someone will say we swiped this from some other magazine.

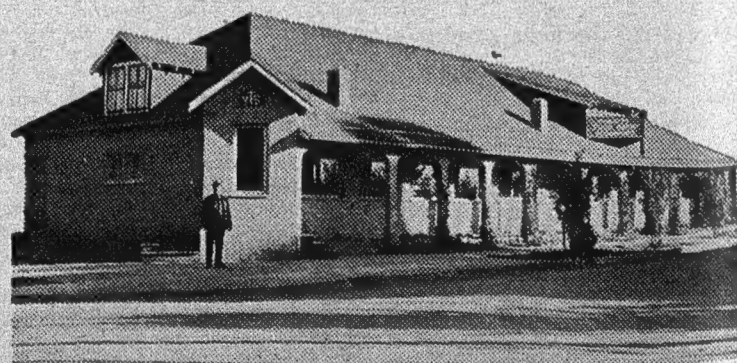
Right, WE DID.
She may think her boy friend isn't good enough for her, but she knows he's too good for any other girl—Brandon Sun.

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UNIVERSITY BOOK STORE

CO-ED COLUMNS

SPORTETTES

After the co-ed hockey team tied with the Muttarts last week, much interest was aroused, and many a lad came out to lend his support Tuesday night. It was a good game from start to finish—lots of excitement and many a tumble.

When Mary Hewitt opened up the scoring on a grand solo rush she really started things, especially from the crowd. The boys gave her a big hand and the Rah! Rah! This called forth the Varsity yell. Thereafter whenever they desired some action the yell did it, and we heard Alberta, right down to the very last A—just like 'tis done at rugby games.

In the last period the Muttarts took the lead 3-1. Here Al Wilson's training came to the fore, and a nice bit of team play resulted in Jane Laidlaw scoring. In those last hectic minutes the girls played hard and fast hockey, but didn't seem to get the breaks that might have tied up the score once more.

Here's a Free Tin of BUCKINGHAMS for you!

Once a lad, on advice of his mother
Handed out sage advice to his brother
Saying, "In re cigarettes,
Quite the finest of bets

YOU FILL IN THE LAST LINE!

For the best last line for the above Limerick received at the address below, on or before March the 9th, the makers of Buckingham Cigarettes will award a tin of 100 BUCKINGHAMS free.

Smoke Buckingham—taste its cool, fresh flavour—note its smoothness—satisfying, throat-easy mildness. Here is the finest cigarette that Canadian skill and Canadian craftsmanship produces.

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From 7 to 7

The first student nurses' meeting of the year was held Monday evening, Jan. 14, in the Hut, it being our regular Monday for discussions, both business and social. Various matters were debated and decided.

It was thought wise not to have our usual monthly entertainment in January, but merely rest on the laurels of our holiday celebrations until February, when Class Sept. '35 will be responsible for our amusement.

Class January '37 was welcomed to our midst, and invited to make themselves very much at home.

The basketball enthusiasts were enjoined to fan the fire of their enthusiasm and turn up regularly for practices.

The pros and cons of playing badminton in the Hut were discussed, and the matter left pending final decision. The subject of capes was definitely dropped until such time when they should be instituted as part of our uniform—it being thought a rather expensive enterprise at best.

After the settling of other small matters, the meeting was adjourned.

A Plea

Pity the poor fool whose weekly task it is to pluck amusing witticisms from the air—continuing to transform mere nothings into something appropriate—interesting, entertaining. Even the well-known walking up and down—tearing of the hair, and gnawing of a nearby bed-post has been of no avail, but leaves only as usual in the brain a resounding emptiness, lacking wholly inspiration and ideas.

Why, in the first place, was the human mechanism not so arranged, say, in a system of buttons, where if one were looked to be charming, press a button, turn on the charm in varying degrees—soft, medium or loud—or sympathy, or understanding, or any other enviable state?

Then how easy it would be, when asked to fill small columns in The Gateway—amusing, entertaining, educational, not boring with underlying moral, nor suggestive with some hidden meaning, not understandable by one group alone—but material for the good of all, to merely turn one certain button, and out would flow an exuberance of words, an inexhaustible supply of wit and humor—from which we might choose the right thing to say.

Then, and only then, would our column be amusing; would our readers pause and listen, listen to the amusing writings of a scribe so wise and witty, so irresistibly amusing, so entertaining in his writings that all would wait to see The Gateway—Meds, Engineers, Dents, Arts and Law, not just Nurses—but everyone be satisfied.

But unfortunately life is not so simple, and each week finds the contributor in the same rapt pose, plucking fruitlessly at the blotter, expecting to pick from the air apt phrases and suitable lines. None come. And again there is a spilling of mere aimless words where one might, perchance, have transcribed some golden rule, some undying message to humanity to be passed down the ages with reverence and respect.

We still pick at our blotter. Still no inspiration comes. Won't somebody please institute the system of Buttons? Button, button—who's got the button?

Call a woman a chick and she smiles. Call her a hen and she howls. Call a young woman a witch and she is pleased; call an old woman a witch and she is indignant. Call a girl a kitten and she likes it; call a woman a cat and she hates you. Women are queer!

Call a man a gay dog and you flatter him; call him a pup, or a hound, or a cur and he tries to alter the map of your face. He won't mind being called a bull or a bear, yet he resents being called a calf or cub. Men are queer!

WERE THOSE THE DAYS

After gazing with pardonable curiosity at the Carnegie Exhibition of Victorian pictures in the Arts Building, we were seized with a most violent spasm of thankfulness because we were privileged to exist NOW, and not in the year of Our Lord 1885.

We forfeit with regret, it is true, the joys of being promenaded in the sweet-smelling dusk of a June evening, drawn by an infinitely respectable Dobbin, and we would have ridden delightedly on a slightly less ladylike vehicle of the time—a bicycle built for two. In the winter, a vision of our Victorian ancestor, tucked into a red sled between layers of fur robes, and pushed sedately around the ice by her escort, has appealed to our fevered fancy, as we puffed out our twentieth lap on a large rink, entirely under our own steam.

But when we contemplate the plight of the Dear Things when they DID have to skate themselves—well, one cannot visualize oneself, swathed to the ankles in woollen many layers thick, making very remarkable progress. In summer, the Sweet Young Things of the time must have been greatly handicapped in their little games of tennis by the ruffles and flounces that swished delicately and discreetly about their ankles. As for bathing—picture to yourself the discomfort experienced when finally you emerged, dripping, from the briny deep, black cotton stockings clinging to your legs, canvas shoes squishing water at every step, and the voluminous cotton folds of the skirts of the bathing suit flapping clamantly against your legs!

Yet they lived through it, enduring such clothing monstrosities, even liking them sometimes—more shame to them! For our part, we admit of little better judgment in the matter of dress. Turning up our coat-collars, we went out into the sub-zero weather, and froze our knees five times in one week.

THE THEATRES

STRAND THEATRE, Sat., Mon. and Tues., Feb. 9, 11, 12—Warner Oland in "Charlie Chan in Paris."

EMPRESS THEATRE, Mon., Tues. and Wed., Feb. 11, 12, 13—Greta Garbo in "The Painted Veil."

PRINCESS THEATRE, Sat., Mon. and Tues., Feb. 9, 11, 12—Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers in "The Gay Divorcée."

RIALTO THEATRE, Friday, Saturday, Monday, Feb. 8, 9, 11—"Babbitt," with Guy Kibbee and Aline MacMahon, and "Lost in Stratosphere," with William Cagney, June Collyer and Eddie Nugent. Starting Tuesday, Feb. 12, "Cup of Kindness."

Polly: An Opera

"The Stage, Sir, hath the Privilege of a Pulpit to attack Vice," so wrote John Gay, in his opera, "Polly." A sequel to the Beggar's Opera, Polly is perhaps not as well known as the former, but is highly entertaining. Sir Robert Walpole, who had been mercilessly caricatured in the "Beggar's Opera," used his influence to have the presentation of "Polly" prohibited, but at its presentation in 1729, Walpole's "oppression" helped to ensure the popularity of the opera. John Gay is said to have realized £6,000 from it. For a time these two operas drove Italian opera from the English stage.

The Opera is a satire on society. The scene is laid in the West Indies, which were under the guardianship of Great Britain, and under the more immediate protection of Ducat, commander of the British forces in the Indies. The story is of Polly Peachum, a young woman who is seeking her runaway husband, who, it is rumored, is the chief of a pirate crew. She is pursued by Ducat, who, though married, desires a mistress. She plans to escape in the guise of a boy. All goes well until pirates attack the Indies and capture the Indian prince and herself. They finally escape. When learning of Polly's identity, the prince proposes marriage, but Polly, grieved by the news of her pirate husband's death, evades the question.

The Opera appealed to the sophisticated audiences of the 18th century with their interest in manners and love of "law characters." Poor Polly! Speaking of her father, she says: "But my papa kept company with gentlemen, and Ambition is catching. I wish all great men would take a warning. 'Tis now seven months since my papa was hanged." She is really a poor type of heroine, and would scarcely appeal to a modern audience, loving her renegade husband, Macheath, and determining to find him. At times, however, she shows spunk, when she bargains for her freedom and outwits Ducat. Ducat prefers to "talk of fighting, than only he talked of. The fame of a talking hero will satisfy me; the sound of whose valor amazes and astonishes all peaceable men, women and children. 'Tis your common soldiers," he says, "who must content themselves with fighting, but 'tis we officers that run away with the most fame as well as the pay." The pirates live by their wits and gamble for the "kingdom of Mexico."

Satire is brought into play against Europeans by the introduction of the Indians and manners of "civilization." When the Indian prince refuses to save his life by "acting reasonably and openly" and disclosing the whereabouts of his people's gold and refusing to betray his people, he is taunted by such remarks: "What, neither cheat nor be cheated! There is no having either commerce or correspondence with these creatures. We have reason to be thankful for our good education. How ignorant mankind is without it. We must beat civilizing into 'em and make 'em capable of common society and common conversation."

Ducat betrays his soldiers by refusing to lead them, the pirates their leader by planning to mutiny and carry off all the treasure he had acquired, not knowing that he, Macheath, had planned to skip out with all the treasure, his lady love and the ships and

Physicians say the heart is an organ, but by the way some men manage to grind out the same old love song over and over again it would seem to be more like a street piano.

Probie (at breakfast)—Looks like rain.
Senior next her—Yes, it does, but it has a faint flavor of milk.

I, CLAUDIUS

By Robert Graves

It was with interest that we focussed our attention on Robert Graves' "I, Claudius," and we were not disappointed. A modern translation and interpretation of a Roman Emperor's diary in itself would be enough to make our minds sit up and take notice.

Mr. Graves interprets the spirit of the diary excellently, and is one of the few who can hold the attention of a modern miss through the description of a Roman campaign. The language, as in Dr. Hardy's "Father Abraham," is modern. We have head some objections to this—but, after all, why give a modern version in phrases which emanate a faint odor as of moth-balls.

It gives us intrigue, political and otherwise, of the most fascinating type. Amazing customs, as the transforming of a man into a deity, are depicted for us in this life of a prospective emperor who was considered an idiot and who fostered this idea for his own safety. Those famous Romans had a code of morals which made us feel like babes-in-arms, but we drew our cloak of sophistication more closely about us and read further.

It was of special interest that we noted and realized the full import of the Cybelline oracle. It was foretold that, although Claudius would have no great importance in his own time, he was to become famous some 1,900 years later. We were also surprised to learn that Brutus was Caesar's son—are you? —M. J. F.

THE DINOSAUR

"Behold the mighty Dinosaur Famous in prehistoric lore Not only for his weight and length, But for his intellectual strength. You will observe by these remains The creature had two sets of brains—One in his head (the usual place), The other at his spinal base. Thus he could reason 'a priori' As well as 'a posteriori'.

No problem bothered him a bit; He made both head and tail of it. So wise he was, so wise and solemn, Each thought filled just a spinal column.

If one brain found the pressure strong, It passed a few ideas along; If something slipped his forward mind, 'Twas rescued by the one behind; And if in error he was caught, He had a saving afterthought. As he thought twice before he spoke, He had no judgments to revoke; For he could think without congestion Upon both sides of every question.

O gaze upon this model beast Defunct ten million years at least!"
B. L. TAYLOR.

OH! TO BE A GOLDFISH

(Roger B. Prustman)

Oh! to be a goldfish when the snow is on the ground,
And gently, in a big glass bowl, go round and round and round.
To slowly wag my tail and gaze with meditative stare;
And every now and then go up to get a breath of air.

The snow has turned to muddy slush.
The goldfish doesn't mind.
The motors don't sneak up on him and splash him from behind.
As gently round and round he goes, with steadfast glassy eye,
The cars don't soil his shoes, nor yet besmirch his evening tie.
Threading his way through coral arch and over pebbles white,
With ants' eggs sprinkled in his path to tempt his appetite.

He doesn't stoke the furnace or go out and shovel snow;
He just goes round and round and round and hears the radio.
Comes Tuesday night, what time I go to put the ashes out,
He's swimming slowly round and round and round about.
He has no need to patronize the street car or the bus,
To breathe the rush hour atmosphere, imbibing germs like us.

He doesn't rush down town each day to push an inky pen,
He just keeps swimming all the time and resting now and then.
Yes, I wish I were a goldfish when the snow is on the ground,
Just swimming round and round and round and round and round and round.

Balfour—Only fools are sure of anything.
Cook—Are you sure?
Balfour—Positively.

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"WITH DIGNITY THEY CAME"

Across the snowy campus with dignity they come; up the time-honored steps that many a weaker man had trod they come; with unaccustomed but daring fingers they touched the magic bell, and into Pembina they come. With cool dignity they viewed the surroundings (ah! they were dignified men). Not a woman in sight—had they been misdirected? But, ah! a tender aroma smote their nostrils, and woman forgotten, they blindly followed it.

At the door of the dining room stood "The Keeper of the Keys"—but when she saw the hungry looks on the dignified faces of the lads, she invited them to stay to dinner. The fortunate young women at the head table were duly presented to the guests, and then someone said in a clarion voice, "Soup's On," and they fell to it (not in it).

As the meal progressed the ice was broken (the maid, however, soon cleared up the mess). A small girl turned a pair of enormous blue eyes on T.W.H. and asked him if really away, away down deep in his heart he really was a woman hater. He smiled sadly at her, and looking far away across the horizon (he could see it through the window) answered, "Yesterday, Today and Forever."

The simple (?) dignity and beauty of the words touched all who heard them, and the hall echoed and re-echoed with wailing and gnashing of teeth (particularly the latter). The Keeper of the Keys then gave a short talk on "Women—Marriage as a Career." She nobly upheld her argument, and the boys, with tear-dimmed eyes, said their hearts had been touched and that they would think it over. For a few minutes they thought it over a dish of apple pudding, and thus the verdict: "Woman Haters we are, and Woman Haters we will remain."

At that moment "Father Abraham" came up and changed the topic of conversation. All admitted that they had read it (or him), but all refused to commit themselves regarding their opinion of it (or him). At last one young thing said it would have been very interesting to live at that time. Everyone, especially T.W.H. (plural), looked gravely askance at her. Seeing the doubtful glances, she said, "I mean, life was simple for them." For some unknown reason this only succeeded in making things more difficult, so the subject was dropped.

Just then a member of the House Committee stood up and moved that dinner be adjourned. Several minutes elapsed, and as no one seconded the motion, T.W.H. (singular) stood up and said he thought it was a darn good idea. They took a vote, and the eyes had it (but it didn't fizzle on T.W.H. (plural)).

In about two and a-half seconds all were gathered in the rotunda. The Woman Haters were in great confusion; somehow they seemed to have forgotten what they originally came for. Several names were suggested, but all were wrong. For several hours they thought in vain, and then they decided they had better go, as T.W.H. (singular) had a date—with his barber. Before they went the girls made them promise not to take any new recruits into their club, and the boys, with their right hands on a Gateway and their left hands in their pockets solemnly swore (the girls all covered their ears). Then 100 girls gathered around the piano and sang Aloha-O as

the boys slowly turned and slowly went away (so young, so handsome and so cruel!).

"Well, Pembina is quite a place, isn't it," said T.W.H. quietly wiping his eyes. The blare of young voices continued.

"Not so quite," said T.O.W.H. (with apologies to Robt. Montgomery).



Editor, The Gateway.

Dear Sir,—Boulder Dam, across the mighty canyon of the Colorado, is held to be an unsurpassed feat in engineering skill, in a century when many enormous mechanical devices stand out as monuments in an age of vast man-made structures, and one wonders if, to an equally great pedagogical achievement, we owe the damning of the natural exuberance of our youth found in some of the colleges for boys and girls throughout Western Canada.

Recently it was the writer's experience to witness a gathering of several hundred university students of various ages and stages of learning, assembled in their Convocation Hall at Edmonton, Alta., to hear the noted scientist and lecturer, Julian Huxley. Unquestionably the occasion was a privilege of great importance to an Edmonton audience, who do not every day have the opportunity of seeing and hearing the outstanding thinkers of the age, due to the remote geographical situation of their town. However, granting the greatness of the event (and in absolutely no way intimating or giving reason for the impression that the specific purpose of that gathering of Edmonton students and townsmen was not one to be remembered and cherished by all hearing so fine a speaker), one could not withhold the puzzling thought that, among that throng of young people filling the gallery and all available seats, there was not to be heard one lusty young voice, in Varsity style and volume, singing out the college cheer, so dear to the hearts of all live student bodies. Only a moment's clapping of hands (a traditional and barbarous custom), then funeral silence. Are our youth too timorous or prematurely old, or weighed down by too much civilization (?), damning the spontaneous expression of the bubbling joy of their years. We used to be told sometimes that "children should be seen, but not heard." Mayhap this principle, not so wise according to some psychologists, has accomplished an oppressive condition. Self-expression, besides work and play in fairly equal quantities, seems to be biologically necessary to human beings. The stupendous compilations of facts in sciences, literatures, histories, philosophies, theories of all kinds, are of such appalling magnitude in this century that no one human brain can encompass them all. It was T. Carlyle who said, "each has his limitations." To much dignity in the young is either a false appearance of that estimable quality or a symptom of fear. Their excessive energy must find expression, if not in the right direction, then through other channels whose outlets are not so good. In eliminating the hazing programs, some of which were even vicious, the colleges surely did wisely, but on the other hand there is no need to foster conditions that crush all the clean joyousness that should be characteristic of young folks.

No great scientist could but be pleased to have some manifestation of welcome from students gathered to hear him. What had been the harm (and no doubt the scholarly lecturer would have enjoyed it too) had some good "Prof" led out in a brave cheer himself, just to touch off the throbbing, pulsing life that must have been in that audience, but held in check and deadly silence?

ONE FROM OVERTOWN.

The Lament of a Damnable Capitalist

"Dick and Bill and Johnnie went down to the river to bathe, But Dick and Bill and Johnnie were drowned by a Socialist wave."

Me and my pal Willie are sure feeling low ever since Dick Bennett, Bill King and Johnnie Wordsworth have gone socialist. You see, Willie and I came from generations of rugged individualists. Our fathers never had the chance to go to university and train to be doctors or lawyers so as to be able to follow respectable callings in life. They had to make their way in the business world of filthy lucre, and by hard work and foresight have now become part of the damnable Capitalist Class—not to be confused with the millionaire Prime Minister Socialist class. For years Willie and I have venerated Dick Bennett with his tom-tom on the midway tactics. He has been our hero—"The highest form of humanity." The prototype of the rugged individualist; the one man who was able to rise above the common herd and to have enough vision—and it must have been a vision, or was it just a hallucination?—to appreciate the spiritual needs of the western farmer—"just to pull in your belts, boys." Yes, we have always admired Dick, yea even worshipped him; he was our ideal, that we have kept constantly before us, for some day we too might do great things if we followed his example—provided of course we weren't "too choosy." But woe is us, for now our premier has gone socialist, and just at a time when he had reached the pinnacle of fame as a rugged individualist who has fought every inch of the way to his present affluent position.

We have fallen on evil days, for no longer is there a man or a political party for which we can honestly cast our vote, and yet we must vote in order "to make Democracy safe for the world." By democracy we mean the rule of the many by the few, who persuade the many that they are disinterested public servants working for the greatest good of the greatest number (of party heelers).

If Dick disappointed us, Bill King has been, to say the least, a very bad actor. He has practically wrecked the Anglo-Saxon parliamentary system, for is it not a cardinal rule that His Majesty's Loyal Opposition must oppose? Is it not a fundamental of the Party System that the opposition must prove if the government is wrong, even if it knows that it is right? But what do we find Bill saying? In effect, is it not this: "Get on with the show, we're all for you—(he likely means we're all out for you). Let's get down to business so we can all go home?" (That would be a good idea.)

Of course Johnnie has by this time faded into the background. He did have such a nice pile of lumber too—but a large gentleman in a tall silk hat came in the night and purloined the lumber.

But here is Willie and me left out in the cold, the last of the rugged individualists. We miss Dick; he was such an encouragement to us. The man without a country was lucky alongside of us, because here we are two men within a country without a party.

I guess there is only one thing left for Willie and me to do, and that is to go find a desert island and make an prime minister, and to be sure Willie doesn't run as a socialist opposition candidate we will agree (Willie, he always agrees we me) to make him a university professor (Professor of Rugged Individualism). I being the Board of Governors, will pass a rule prohibiting him to run for elections. That will horse him. Ha, ha!

HOUSE DANCE

Will be held Saturday night, Feb. 9, from 8:30-11:30, after the basketball game in the gym between Calgary Wildcats and the Golden Bears, which starts at 7:30.

A free ticket to the Midwinter will be given to the man holding the lucky numbered program at the House Dance.

POLL EC.

"Man wants but little here below." But girls are different, and so, She visits shop, boutique and store, Supplying wants and wanting more.

Humpty Dumpty

A tourist stranger approached me on the campus this morning and asked me the whereabouts of Athabasca Hall. I pointed to the building in question, and he said, "I just wanted to see it. I heard about it and that initiation. Can you tell me where the guinea pigs are? The doctor (?) said that I could see them. I immediately directed him to 'Joe's' Tuck, where they have been increasing in very rapid numbers of late.

Perhaps before proceeding I should explain that Humpty Dumpty is being continued only upon the earnest request of Arthur D. Bierwagen, who as our president, must not be taken lightly. Arthur gave me quite an interview. He said: "To be famous presents many difficulties. I must always keep my dignity. In fact, at a party New Year's eve I was obliged to announce to the young ladies present that I don't kiss." And then he handed me a slip of paper on which he had penned the following bit of wit to be incorporated into this little column. I quote Mr. Bierwagen:

"Dainty 'Dot' Becker gazing with reverence at the austere front of His Imminence the Arch Bishop" ("Imminent as always—the pest!").

"The Arch Bishop contemplating with unmisogynistic appreciation the adoration of the 'Dainty Dot'."

Mr. Bierwagen was unaware at the time that this handsome misogynist had by the devious route of Marg Irving and Miss Dodd inveigled his way to dinner in Pembina Hall.

In contrast to this helpful friendliness of Arthur Bierwagen were Ed. Green and Ralph Collins, whom Garrett was directing to locate (by means of "Tommy" Thomson) the author of Humpty-Dumpty. ;;;—whom they were going to put through the thirty-four cantos of Dante's "Hell."

But listen, students, everyone. Here's laurels for The Gateway. Undoubtedly due to the Editor's editorial upon the need for a holiday, the faculty discussed the question at a recent meeting. There was a unanimous decision that Ash Wednesday be declared a holiday—unless Dr. Sonet held out. However, our president (our other president) being in the east, Dr. W. A. R. Kerr would not take the responsibility of declaring this Ash Wednesday a holiday. Grace Parmalee is receiving all complaints. But think nothing of it. The Gateway has promised to declare a holiday for us.

The ladies had a big banquet at the Macdonald a few nights ago—a very revealing affair. The Thetas apparently still retain a strong McCormick complex; perhaps they also have atavistic tendencies toward black magic. "The Shooting of Ed McCorm" lent poignant melodrama to the evening's entertainment, but Madeleine Austin makes a flop of a McCormick.

But, boys, here is a challenge to you. Mrs. Wyatt urges the ladies to make Mrs. Dionne their pattern, and the sextette from Lucia their goal. May I humbly suggest that they at least make this point "the be-all and end-all." I don't see the need for rushing progress too much, all at once. Gentlemen, think nothing of it.

But, then, did you hear about those Meds using a poor cadaver's intestines for a skipping rope? Perhaps now that I have reached the Meds, prudence should make this my limit. From guinea pigs, through Mrs. Wyatt, to the Meds—we'll call it a day.

Do You Wish to Travel?

It is announced by the N.F.C.U.S. students has decided to extend to that the English National Union of Canadian students the services of its travel bureau. Any Canadian students contemplating a visit to Britain or Europe this summer therefore have a splendid opportunity to save money and to have a better time than they could on their own. Full information can be obtained from "The Travel Department, National Union of Students, 3 Endsleigh Street, London W.C. 1, England."

The English National Union of Students is planning more tours this year than ever before, both in Britain and on the continent. They are planned for the student purse and taste, and afford an opportunity to meet and travel with students of all countries and nationalities. Many of the tours will include a visit to Budapest to attend the International University Sports held in August.

POOR "PAW"

Mebbee you 'ear of Calendar— Not on de wall—no, no, I mean de town of Calendar, An' Monsieur Doc Dafoe.

Mos' everyone hear from Rome An' Lunnon and New York, But no one 'ear of Calendar, Except wan burd—de stork.

Wan day dat stork 'e seet alone Just houtside Calendar, An' den 'e swear, 'Til mak' you known 'Round de worl', by gar.

Dat burd was right—dis leetle town, She's known where'er you go, And heverybody in de worl' Knows Monsieur Doc Dafoe.

De papers now get hextra hout, Eef wan quintuplet sneez, And heverybody send nightgown To keep does keeps from freeze.

An' heverybody in de worl' From Nord Bay to Cape 'Orn Are telling wat de mamma say When all de chile was born.

An' what was said by Doc Dafoe Eees publish heverywhere, But wat de poore ole man 'e say Nobody seems to care.

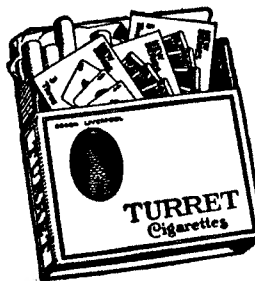
Ay tink 'er 'as been long neglec' An' so I tell eet you; 'E laugh een joy wen firs' was born; 'E smile at nombre two.

A delightful episode in the day's routine

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With Madam Freeman to read
your fortune in the tea-cups

Merrick Drug Stores

Birks Bldg.

"Eet's more dan I hexpec," 'e say;
"But twins dey may be nice;
'Til be good sport, perhaps ee's bes'
'Dat I am pappu twice."

Den Doc Dafoe came tru de door,
An' says: "Oxcuse to me;
'You are a fadder once again
'Dat makes you pappu t'ree."

An' soon dat doctor whispers low:
"Oxcuse to me—eets four."
Sapre, dat man from Calendar
'E smile eem now no more.

An' den de poor ole fellow wipe
Heer forehead on de cuff,
An' says: "De joke is good, but pleas'
'Henough is quite henough."

'E feel jus' lak 'e order 'im
Wan nice banan' for lunch,
An' den de waitress bring heem queek,
De hole banana bunch.

Sapre, dat door she move again;
She can't keep still somehow.
"Oxcuses to me," said Doc Dafoe,
'You're five times pappu now."

De' paper tell what mamma say,
An' what say Doc Dafoe;
But wat de ole man say heemself
Eet's best' yqu shouldn't know.

Eet's Christmas time; de folks weel sen'
Dose babies toys and frocks.
But pleas' oxcuses, won' someone sen'
De ole man pair of socks?
—W. H. Drummond.

RESULTS OF GATEWAY COMPETITION

THE BEST NEWS WRITE-UP

Mr. A. E. Corbett, who judged the news write-ups, considered Parker Kent's account of the Council budget meeting the best in that section. Mr. Corbett said it was about the right length for such a news report, it was well written, and very interesting.

Union Solons Squabble; Unable to Budge Budget

Epstein Threatens Resignation on Question of Literary Society Budget—Tuck Stands Pat

By A. Parker Kent

Gripping! Thrilling! Stupendous! Colossal! Hence inadequate language! Words cannot tell, tongue cannot utter what eye hath seen and ear hath heard this week at Council! Immortal Shakespeare! Mighty Marlowe! Great Scott! Oh, for thy combined powers to delineate the dramatic intensity, the sweeping passion, the sheer delicious lyricism of the budget meeting Wednesday night! Incomparable budget! Irresistible unbudgeable budget! Council refusing to vote money to the Political Science Club, Epstein threatening to resign, Collins on the verge of throwing up all to retire into calm cloistered monasticism, McCormick glowering in the background, Bierwagen harassed in the foreground, these constituted only a part of the great climax to what may be described as a powerful play in four acts. A veritable Italian opera run mad married to a Gilbert and Sullivan extravaganza.

Let us set down in brief the story:

Act I. The scene was laid in the gallery overlooking the gymnasium of St. Joe's. Council sat at supper and everyone was there for an important session was at hand. The menu consisted of roast beef, potato, gravy, peas, baked apple with whipped cream and coffee. Mr. Bierwagen said Grace for the benefit of the publicity department, and then everyone fell to. Miss Cogswell ate with all the dainty restraint of Chaucer's prioress, letting not a morsel fall. Mr. Borgal, who had just come ravening from the rugby field, finished well ahead of the others, and surreptitiously devoured the beefsteak which had been decorating his right eye. Others who tucked away a good meal were Jack Tuck and Miss Swallow. On the whole, Council can be said to eat pretty much the same as ordinary mortals. Mr. Casper only toyed with his food, for the week was drawing on, and as yet there was no bid in the Wauneta.

Act II. Council was now adjourned to the library to deal with incidental business. Miss K. Chapman, first Nurse's representative to Council, was introduced by Mr. Bierwagen in a few well chosen words. Miss Chapman presented a reassuring message from the nurses, who are apparently still happily oblivious to their exploitation by the Students' Union.

The date for the annual Students' Union fall meeting was set for November 15th. The first sombre note of the evening crept in when Mr. Bierwagen spoke in moving accents of Mr. McCormick's withdrawal from Council as law representative, due to pressure of work in the publicity department, of which he is head. As the simple obsequies were performed, audible sobs could be heard coming from the ladies' section, whose grief was effectively assuaged by a warm smile from Richard Burns, who is taking up Mac's noble work.

Dissemination of copies of the amendments to the Union Constitution was announced by the secretary. The Army and Navy are offering a new hat to the student who reads one. This was felt to be a therapeutically appropriate presentation.

Mr. Wilson said while in Saskatoon last week he had been struck by the eagerness of the students there to play hockey with the local lads this winter. Mr. Wilson profoundly remarked that if our rugby team loses to the Meralomas, and if U.B.C. won't accept our challenge, Nov. 10th will be open for a game here, and if we'd guarantee Saskatchewan \$250 they'd send their team here if we'd give them a "quite" at this point, and was applauded for this terse but illuminating maiden effort. Hence Saskatchewan is to be granted 50 per cent of the gate, if, being understood.

Refunds of year book fees were next considered. Council was in favor of shortening the period for getting back the three dollars, ostensibly to cut down the work of the office, but in reality to cut down the number of three dollars given back. The President, who remembered his Phil. 2, said that people who get back the money flaunt it in front of others and influence many of the weaker brethren to go and do likewise. A two-day period this year will solve this problem, giving ample time to rugged individualists who are starving in attics to get back the money. Tuck said there would be a reaction to this decision. Bierwagen said if reaction would cure inaction it was eminently desirable.

Arthur said that the disciplinary question is steadily becoming more acute, one campus club having fallen from grace already this year. While he did not point the finger of scorn, he viewed with alarm. St. Joe's will permit no Bacchanalian revels to take place in its auditorium just because it happens to be across the road from the campus, warned Mr. Bierwagen. His statement lost something in force by reason of strange unearthly sounds coming from under the library. These were found, however, to be merely the results of sincere efforts on the part of the new Variety orchestra to establish some sort of resemblance to musically esprit de chorus.

Act III. Council now took up its budget deliberations in Room 102, where a blackboard had been covered with abstruse sums whose answers

were quoted in astronomical figures. Mr. Tuck swallowed convulsively and waded in. He said that there was a discrepancy somewhere, for proposed expenditure seemed to exceed real income by several millions of dollars. Collins wore a hunted look. Council besought the press not to reveal to the public the horrible truth; the press promised, but his fingers were crossed rather than his palm.

Mr. Tuck revealed the fact that there is about \$6,600 to spend, and \$6,500 asked for, this being several hundred dollars more than asked for any other year. Mr. Epstein felt that Mr. Tuck was too cautious to suit him, too much the traditional treasurer. Tuck was pained that Epstein, whom he had hitherto considered one of his warmest friends, should think this. He said that Literary was getting more this year than ever before, whereas Epstein said he was glad to see it coming into its own. Someone asked Jack if the Students' Union owned the University, and he replied in the negative. The Publicity Department has offered a higher price, to wit, a mess of pottage.

Controversy raged over basketball equipment financing. Wilson said he had cut the pants and shirts as much as he dared within the limits of common decency, but Tuck had also cut the year book expenses, so for some reason not obvious to the press the price of basketball went up.

Tuck observed in regard to the \$25 for badminton coach that the coach was there to give a hand to beginners. Council felt that amateur applause should be substituted for this stimulating feature.

Council was staggered by hockey appropriations, and was unable to decide, since hockey plans are not definite yet. The question of sticks was a stickler, and it was felt that the boys will have to play cautiously this year in order to save sticks.

Epstein said that golf should not be voted \$12. No one seemed disposed to argue, so Epstein said that golf should be voted \$12. To his joy this provoked a hot argument, which was discontinued when Collins whispered to Epstein to conserve his strength for the larger literary issue yet to come.

Mr. McCormick swept into the room at this point and sat down. Miss Chapman gazed upon the great man with satisfactory awe, and Ed graciously smiled his permission.

Miss Swallow didn't know how in the Sam Hill the ladies could buy hockey this year. McIntosh suggested that they dispense with gold plate signs for a change. The meeting adjourned for coffee.

Act IV. This time Council met in Room 101 to feast their eyes on another blackboard full of strange signs.

Almost at once ten dollars was pared off debating estimates. Messrs. Collins and Epstein were forcibly held down, and their physical prowess not being great, it was felt that ten more dollars could be lopped off. Collins fainted, and while he was being brought around another ten dollars was subtracted. Epstein said that the debaters were going to Saskatoon this year. McCormick said no, that they were going to Vancouver. Bill said he'd bet five cents, he'd bet a quarter. "All right," said Ed, "that'll be forty cents you owe me."

Deliberations became very involved in this room, for the struggle must be carried on on a higher literary plane. Historians and orators were given free play. At one point only a bare but palpitating two inches separated the flushed countenances of Epstein and Tuck. Mr. Tuck was now hoarse, and clung to the radiator for support. He could only point.

The athletic group referred to the literary appropriations for flowers with contempt. They felt the price of pantries to be too high.

Mr. Tuck felt that the dramatic festival players seemed to live pretty high in Calgary. Collins cleverly pointed out that the Calgary hotels are taller than those of Edmonton.

Then the debacle over the seventy-five dollars asked for support of the Political Science Club which had been granted constitutional status as the fourth arm of the literary society last year. Council refused to vote a cent saying it was no more deserving than the Philosophical Society or the S.C.M. This stung. Epstein offered to resign. There was disorder. The press was asked to leave. Since the press had an eight-thirty and a bare few seconds to make it, he obeyed. The organized and dying tones of Epstein pursued him down the hall, crying, "I can't see why basketball gets thirteen hundred dollars and the whole blank Literary Society only gets eight hundred and eighty!" Came the dawn.

The results of The Gateway Competition are announced below, and the winning articles reprinted.

Prize for the best feature..... John Garrett
Prize for the best news write-up..... Parker Kent
Prize for the best letter to the Editor..... Stuart Shaw

The judges of the competition have given us brief reasons for their selections which are printed at the beginning of each article.

THE BEST FEATURE

"Features may be written on any subject whatsoever." They have been—for thirty editions—and are bewildering in their variety. I award the prize to the writer of the essay, "On Going a Journey: 1934," which appeared in the edition of November 6th. I am almost tempted to offer another prize to anyone who can tell me the reasons for my choice, which the Editor asked me to state.

I balanced the respective merits of what appeared to me the best political article, the best piece of criticism, the best personal essay, the best humorous contribution, and so on. I then looked among these for the article that had in it something more than the talent common to all of them, and in the one I have selected I found an original idea presented in an individual way. By the same tests "The Mad Beer Party," of November 9th, which pretended to be mad and in my opinion was, came in a close second.

J. FISHER.

ON GOING A JOURNEY: 1934

By John C. Garrett

No talk of an everchanging landscape, snug old inns, and "many-tasting food," but a song of gravelled highways, rust and endless fences, this. Hazlitt had his days and dreams, and we, long wrapt in mute innocence, hung on his words entranced; but this is 1934, and thousands of miles away. Why are the landscapes of this, "my native land," so silent, unwatchful, unspeaking? No tales they tell of past romance, no spectres walk their shadows; they are blanks and meaningless. "On going a journey!" Laugh and be strong-hearted, lest it kill you; this land was made for forgetfulness or flight.

It is nine o'clock and I set out. The shadows are beginning to sink down heavily onto the breast of the prairie, while the sun's gold lies in tired beams over the short burnt wheat. The air is filled with fine white dust, and as the automobiles roar past my nostrils become raw and tender. This is the spirit of romance, I sing to myself!

Someone stops and offers a lift. I climb in and sink into a seat, muttering something about being tired of walking: which is untrue, but the right thing to say. He turns and asks me where I live, and I reply, "Oh, around here." Ah, Hazlitt, to be anonymous is harder than you think! Canada is so large, and the plains are a vast lost desert; but so small; you can no more escape than you can stir Beteleuse. Anonymous? and a Canadian? How absurd. He thinks me a bum, I say to myself, and presently will tell me that "things certainly look tough," which is all very true, for anon to close up the gulf that yawns rapidly wider as the telephone poles fly by. "Well, the crops look bad this year. Harvesting won't be good." I gaze very hard at the yellow light of his head-lamps on the gravel (it is getting darker now), and watch the widening road rush under us in a firm-gliding stream. "No," I reply, "and wages will be terrible."

We are silent again, and I look out at the red and yellow streaks of mountain-jagged sunset: the air is cold and the dust ahead is blowing slowly from the highway; we watch its narrowed ribbon, lost far off in the twilight. He says nothing now, but settles to the business of driving in a stern absorbed absent-mindedness. He will begin presently to talk about his automobile, while my eyes wander over the indicators on the dash, and I will give mechanical replies which will be eminently satisfactory to him—and to me.

In the midst of it all, I get off at the next corner. He looks around and nods assent. Then we coast to a stop, and I get out with profuse expressions of gratefulness, while he ingeniously, but with shame-facedness at his own generosity, tries to hide his embarrassment. "I do not ordinarily pick people up, you know, but you looked safe." The old, old refrain, sung so apologetically with enormous effort at nonchalance. I grin: we understand each other perfectly. So he thinks.

I turn north and begin to walk: it will be a long journey and no moon

till late. No one will stop now to give me a lift, for it is "unethical" to do so after dark. (Most people are cowards at heart, anyway, and console themselves that hitch-hiking is illegal in some parts of the country.) It will be as well: it is unpleasant to observe the rationalization of persons congratulating themselves on going "the second mile!"

The stars come out in hard brilliance. It is better to look up lest the procession of telephone poles, in long impressive crescents, which but now fled by so silently, mock at you with their slow passing. Forty-four to the mile! or is it less? You count slowly, intently, and check at the two mile intersections. All this mechanically, of course, while you endeavor to impress yourself with an idea, looking blankly ahead, your feet keeping time to the while. . . . Four miles. A car passes, and by its light you look quickly at your watch. . . .

There is not a sound but the dull humming of the wires overhead, which is nevertheless in tune with the night. There is a bridge near, for I can hear water rushing over stones at the bottom of the coulee. . . . Suddenly a horse starts up and gallops away at the sound of footsteps. . . . The coulee past, the noise of the water fades away and only the drone of wires remains. Far off in the distance a dog barks, and I stop to fill my pockets with pebbles from the gravel. The precaution is well taken, for at the next farmhouse a dog runs out barking and I drive him away with the stones. Then on again, to the rhythm of footsteps, and the slower beat of the poles that stalk by, going south. Eight miles. . . .

At last the moon comes up, chastely cold and serene. "On such a night" . . . ; the prairie erstwhile so bleak is bathed in the darkest blue, while the stars are dimmer, softer. A nearby slough, which in the day is a slimy, horrible place, glows like a silver coin. Must the night then bewitch me too, with its low even breathing of the sleep of aeons? Not here, in this other world. "My native land," — how strangely the words ring in my ears, as I repeat them aloud, and gaze at the hastily erected elevators standing like monuments in the moonlight. No son of thine, even "on such a night," could thrill with joy, but only look far away to the horizon, where there is retreat and oblivion. Traditionless, and without the tie of earth or tribe, you wrestle vainly with time, while your sons forsake you.

A grove of trees looms up in the distance, and I realize suddenly that my walk is ended. No, not in a snug old inn with laughter and many voices, but a bunkhouse, chilly and bare. . . . I climb between the cold blankets, and watch the shaft of moonlight thrown through the open door. The night is eternal in its silence. And that alone, my native land, is your sombre mystery, the only bond with your people: never before have the gods beheld such a solemn land.

THE BEST LETTER

I have followed carefully the correspondence column of our college paper ever since I undertook to act as judge for the award of a prize in that department. Three letters seem to me to have been outstanding, that of Arthur Bierwagen on the church and university controversy with which the academic year so happily opened, that of Stuart Shaw in reply to an embattled militarist, and finally one by "Blut and Ehre" on the political emasculation of professors in this university. All of these were excellent, but I am awarding the prize to Stuart Shaw because his contribution was of the three most like a letter, and also because he has a real gift for knocking an opponent flat on his back when you might have supposed he was walking up to him to kiss him. Such subtlety is a great and unusual gift, but because its processes are very elusive and at the same time very deadly, I hope that its possessor will never use it "to make the worse appear the better reason."

W. H. ALEXANDER.

APOLOGIA FOR SCIO

Editor, The Gateway.

Dear Sir,—I was much interested in reading the letter published in your last issue and signed by one who modestly refers to himself as "Scio." From the torrent of his eloquence I gathered that the "knowing one" was praising war in general, and calling aloud for a revival of the spirit of jingoism as it flourished in the glorious days of the nineteenth century, when the British Empire was "top dog." I would like to make a few comments on that letter.

When examined closely, the arguments in favor of war as an institution appears.

The letter starts out in the best "boiler-plate" style by taking a few swats at those "addled-headed nincompoops" who "blat" against war. (One of the peculiar characteristics of the professional militarist is his substitution of parade-ground abuse for logical argument.) Then it gets down to cases, and informs us that we in Canada are living in a fool's paradise and that our boasted security is nonsense. Scio assumes (quite correctly, I think) that our chief basis of security lies in our nearness to and close relations with the United States, and in the protection of the Monroe Doctrine. He glibly asserts that the Americans are a race of "gum-chewing slaves" and that they will never stand up to the bold fighting-men of Japan, Russia and Europe. When Japan has properly trimmed the degenerate Yankees, and is dictating peace to a captive Congress, she will take care to secure Canada as part of the booty. The grim tragedy will end with an affecting scene showing the effete Canadians, awakened at last from their fool's paradise, being marched in to the tune of the "Prisoner's Song." Therefore if we wish to avert this threatening calamity we must get ready for war and imitate Mussolini by enrolling the population from the cradle up.

The whole vision of the future which Scio sees is so absurd as to be laughable. Our disciple of Nietzsche, like so many Englishmen, assumes that the Americans can't fight. Several nations have made the same mistake at various times, invariably with disastrous results. I seem to recall that twenty years ago the lordly British, in spite of being "top dog," "self-disciplined" and "practised in the arts of war," were exceedingly anxious for the assistance of the "gum-chewing slaves."

It is always well to remember that, in spite of their occasional oddities, the American people have created, without assistance from any one, the greatest material civilization that the world has ever known, and that they have been abundantly able to take care of themselves and any nations under their protection. The idea of Japan's being able to shatter the "pax Americana," and thus get control of Canada is particularly absurd. The Japanese are a vigorous and warlike race, and could doubtless defend themselves successfully against an American attack. But the United States would hand over Canada (and with it her long northern frontier) to a hostile nation only if she were decisively defeated. Such a defeat could only be inflicted by conquering the heart of the nation, the Mississippi basin. The idea of Japanese forces crossing the Pacific 8,000 miles or more in the face of a much stronger fleet, securing the west coast, and then fighting their way inland over mountains and desert until they emerged triumphantly in

Chicago or St. Louis is ridiculous on the face of it. The Japanese would never even consider such a crack-brained enterprise as an attack on America itself. So long as Canada is on good terms with the United States she is safe from foreign invasion and interference. Under those circumstances, the utility of Canada's preparing to "win the wars of the future" seems anything but obvious.

Scio then turns his attention to war in general and narrates very neatly the stock arguments of militarism, arguments probably first enunciated by some cave-man who owned shares in the Consolidated Prehistoric Battle-axe Corporation, and though the tribes were getting too peaceful.

There is the quaint old notion that the great periods of nations occur when they are most belligerent. Greece is cited as an example. I am but an indifferent classicist, but I always believed that the great period of Greek civilization (or at least of Athenian civilization) was the "Golden Age" between the end of the Persian wars and the outbreak of the Peloponnesian war. That was the age of Pericles, Socrates, Phidias and most of the other illustrious Greeks. During the disastrous Peloponnesian war and the struggles that followed it, Athenian civilization went pretty thoroughly to pieces. The great thinkers and artists were persecuted, superstition revived, democracy was abandoned, and Athens sank to a stagnant provincial town. Rome was likewise corrupted and revived by continual wars. Her great time was the comparatively peaceful first century of the empire. The French revolutionary period, also cited as an example of a "burst of genius" during a time of war, seems to have produced nothing but new methods of tyranny, graft and mass murder. It stands to reason that war would unloose the most violent and anti-social emotions and passions, which speedily disintegrate the texture of society itself, just as a deadly virus disintegrates the human body. Consider the wave of vice, crime and cynicism which invariably envelops a nation after every war. True genius and its works are no product of war. Only geniuses of evil—Alciades, Robespierre, Napoleon Bonaparte—can breathe in that poisoned atmosphere. Such genius any state, ideal or otherwise, can easily dispense with.

Scio also states that every civilization that has "wallowed in the mire of peace" has been destroyed by barbarians. Presumably he is thinking of the Roman Empire, overwhelmed by barbarians, and the Mohammedan Persian-Arabian civilization falling before the Turks and Mongols. In each case, the attack of the barbarians was preceded by a long series of civil and foreign wars which so weakened and disrupted the state that it fell an easy prey to a handful of savages. Nations succumbed to the onslaught of barbarians only when they themselves sink through war to the barbarian level.

Scio concludes with an exhortation to read Nietzsche, the great prophet of militarism. May I humbly remind him that Nietzsche ended his days in an insane asylum, and perhaps draw conclusions. . . .

Yours respectfully,
STUART SHAW.

P.S.—It has occurred to me that the whole letter might be an attempt at irony, something like Swift's "A Modest Proposal." If so, I heartily apologize for my attempts at sarcasm.

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BASKETBALL OPENER SATURDAY NIGHT

Bears and Wildcats Tangle In Upper Gym Saturday

GIRLS PLAY PRELIMINARY AT 6:30

Green and Gold Outfit Strengthened by Return of Malcolm—Game to Get Underway 7:30—Ladies Free

The Wildcats are in town, Our Bears will tame them down.

That's the jingle that is running through the heads of all the Varsity basketball fans as Doug McIntyre's Golden Bears prepare to make their first home showing in the Provincial League when they tangle Saturday night against the Calgary Wildcats at the Varsity gym at 7:30 p.m. Since their return from their southern trip the green and gold squad have been hard at it smoothing off all the rough edges and generally getting more snap and vigor into their play. From the basket out the team is in great shape and raring to turn in a win. And they can do it, is the opinion of their diminutive mentor.

Bears in Good Shape

"The boys are in good shape," said Doug when interviewed Thursday, "and I'm looking for them to turn in a win. The addition of Clair Malcolm to our forward line has added plenty of scoring punch to the team, and our man to man defence should be more effective against this team than the zone system we played before."

Malcolm, who starred with the Varsity squad last year, returns to his slot in the centre position to play his first game with the team this year. Clair is a good man when he gets going, and his elongated form under that basket should be instrumental in a few scores for the Bears. Only one other change will be made it was announced. Freddy Kiewel, who hurt his ankle in practice this week will be replaced by Bill Hutton.

The Wildcats Are in Town

No small opposition in the form of the Wildcats stands between the Varsity cagers and a win tomorrow night. Leading the league at present, and just fresh from a victory over the Raymond Union Jacks, present provincial champions, the Calgary outfit will be pointing for a win all the way. Most of the players on the team were seen in action here last year when they played in the uniform of the Moose Domes. They are a fast, aggressive crew of basketball tossers and will take plenty of beating.

McIntyre will line his team up with Bob Anderson with him on defence, Clair Malcolm in centre, Jack Lees and "Jawn" Shipley in the forward slots. Auxiliaries will be chosen from John Woznow, Harold Richard, Bunz Imrie, Jim Cherrington and Bill Hutton.

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WILL LEAD TEAM



COACH DOUG MCINTYRE

Who will direct his squad against the Calgary Wildcats at 7:30 Saturday night in the Varsity gym. Doug has been putting his boys through some stiff workouts, and is quite optimistic as to tomorrow night's game.

TWO TIE GAMES IN INTERFAC HOCKEY

League Standing Unchanged As Science and Ag-Com-Law Play to 1-1 Draw

Results in A League hockey failed to make much change in the teams' standings, as two tie games resulted from Wednesday's play at the Varsity rink. Arts and Meds tied 0-0, while Engineers and Ag-Com-Law left the ice with one lone goal apiece.

The first game was slow and ragged, neither team showing anything but momentary flashes of good hockey. It was a goalie's game, and both Hall and Talman rose to the heights at times, especially in the second frame when both teams resorted to ganging methods.

Lineups:
Arts—Talman, Borgal, Tuttle, Jamieson, Smith, Darrah, Denovan, Ussher.
Meds—Hall, Oatway, Tomaszewsky, McCurrah, Johns, Johnson, Bradley, Young, Wallace.

Second Game

The second fixture was fast and furious, almost too furious at times. Halfway through the first Mac Collum took the rubber down the left boards and passed to Wes Jackson, who beat Devaney from close in. Science fought back hard, but the Ag-Com-Law brethren were on top at the end of the period despite the efforts of Garbutt and Bergmann, who gave Tompkins some anxious moments. Early in the second Al Millar stick-handled his way through the opposing defence only to lose the puck at the goal-mouth, but a minute later Horace Boles and Keith Bothwell combined to even the count for the Science squad, Bothwell making the play. The third featured gang plays, hard body-checking and warm tempers, but no goals, and the battle ended 1-1.

Jackson, Lewis and Hardacre were going good in the Ag-Com-Law ranks, while Bothwell, Bergmann and Gar-

SPORTSHOTS

By Art Kramer

That 7-0 victory that Al Wilson's lads made over Leduc Thursday night sure warmed the hearts of the Varsity hockey fans—to say nothing of the hearts of the boys themselves. It was a great hockey game, with everything that goes with it, and the score comes far from denoting the actual play. Varsity was well worth the victory, but this squad from Leduc put up plenty of action and fight, and they won't quit either until the last whistle blows in Leduc on Saturday night.

With 7 goals to work on it is quite excusable to concede our Bears a win and cast our eyes toward their next obstacle in their race for championship honors. Vegreville will probably be the next stepping stone, and if Wilson's men can turn in a few more performances like last night's, a stepping stone will be all that Vegreville will be.

It was regrettable that Ralph Maybank had to lead with his chin, or rather his lip when he went to stop that first shot last night. Rubber may be elastic, thinks Ralph, but from now on I'll take mine on the pads. Although five stitches were taken in his lip and he'll wear an adhesive mask for a while, it's unlikely that anything outside of a team of horses will keep him out of the nets when the team takes the ice again.

Basketball hits the spotlight again tomorrow night, when the Bears play their first home game here in Athabasca gym. They take on the Wildcats, and it will be a big night's work for the boys despite Coach McIntyre's optimistic outlook. The Wildcats at present are leading the league, and they come here fresh from downing the Raymond Jacks, present title holders. It should be a great game, so don't miss it. And don't forget the girl friend gets in free.

News of the badminton tourney in Calgary brought surprising information. Guy Morton scored the biggest upset of the day by defeating his club-mate and present provincial champion, Fraser Mitchell. Guy looked good here in the Varsity tourney in his game against Mitchell, but no one considered that he would stand up against the Varsity champion in the provincial meet.

Varsity team members are still prominently placed in the tourney. Harry Cooper is still in the singles running along with Morton, and Barbara Jarman and Peggy Aitken have reached the semi-finals in the women's events.

The girls' hockey and basketball squads were both in action this week, but failed to click for wins. The hockey team were just edged out by the Orioles, but the basketball team were disappointing, as they turned in their worst game of the season against the Gradenettes.

If you will glance through the editorial page you will note an article about team captains. The idea that a captain should be chosen at the end of a playing season is a good one, and should be an official ruling. It would not only be a good thing from the team standpoint, but would also be a great help to both the coach and sport president to know and be able to consult with the captain before the team goes into action.

but turned in a nice game for Science.

Lineups:
Science—Devaney, Boles, Park, Bothwell, Bergmann, Garbutt, Robertson, Lees, Millar.

Ag-Com-Law — Tompkins, Jackson, Love, Cauty, Dewis, Hardacre, Mitchel, McCallum, Polomark.

Referee—Bob Gibson.

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

GIRLS PLAY TONIGHT

Playing their first game of the season, the girls' intermediate basketball squad tangle with the McDougall All Stars at 7:00 p.m. tonight at the McDougall High School gym. Coach McIntyre has chosen a well-balanced team to take the floor. They will be led by Captain Marg Sutton in centre, Irene James and Joan Hudson, forwards, and Marg Clayton and Grace Watt in the defence positions.

INTERHOUSE BASKETBALL

The girls' interhouse basketball league opened Tuesday night with a close game between the Arrows, the last year winners, and a new team composed of the nurses. The score was 16-15 in favor of the nurses. The nurses carried the first half, but the Arrows rallied in the last half. Helen Ford starred for the Arrows and Jackson for the nurses.

Lineup:
Nurses—D. Porter, E. Noone, F. Ranche, M. Jackson, K. Rennie, and A. Large.
Arrows — H. Ford, G. White, M. Smith, M. MacDonald, M. Freeman and R. Peacock.
Referee—Claire Malcolm.
Next game—Thursday, 7:30.

MUTTARTS LEAD IN GIRLS' SERIES

Third Period Rally Breaks Tie

Battling for supremacy in their series with the Muttarts, the co-eds went down by one goal in a 3-2 decision handed out at the Varsity rink Tuesday night. This was the second meeting of these two teams, the first one resulting in a draw at two all. The game was fast and clean throughout, with the Varsity girls controlling a fair percentage of the play, but their defence weakened at crucial times under the demoralizing influence of spasmodic rushes on the part of the lumber lassies. Though the Varsity girls seemed to have the smoother working team play they displayed a sad lack of finish while in enemy territory, which messed up several fine scoring chances.

In the first period the green and gold squad opened up the scoring after a preliminary scuffle from the face off. One and a third minutes, to be exact, after the game got under way, Mary Hewitt unassisted had slipped the rubber past Mary Donnylack for the first counter. For the remainder of the frame both teams worked hard trying to score, but neither goal was in danger owing to the snappy back-checking of each squad.

Mary Hewitt came into the limelight again in the second spasm when she drew the only penalty of the evening handed out to a Varsity goal. When the team got back to full strength the Muttart ladies turned on the heat long enough to even up the score. It wasn't Mary Findlay's fault that they scored, and by dint of her efforts many other lovely attempts came to naught.

In the third frame both teams turned in their best hockey in wild attempts to break the tie. Nan Stuart, after hard skating and smooth back-checking, uncovered a lovely shot that nicked the net above Mary Findlay's shoulder to put the Muttarts in the lead. Mary Stone engineered some lovely plays that brought Al Wilson's team within an ace of evening the count many times, but passing or failing to shoot when the opportunity arose did them little good. Emma McBride broke away with Nan Stuart to put the overtime girls two up halfway through the final period. In the dying minutes of the game Varsity gave all they had in an endeavor to win out, Jane Laidlaw finally clicking to shoot one past Donnylack just before the bell went.

The next game will be played at the Bennett rink next week.

Lineup:
Muttart Orioles—Donnylack, Fraser, Pryor, MacKenzie, Cunningham, Ross, Stuart, McBride, Griffen.

Varsity — Findlay, Evans, Stone, Hewitt, Barley, McDonald, Laidlaw, Smith, Boomer, Christie.

Summary:
Penalty, none.

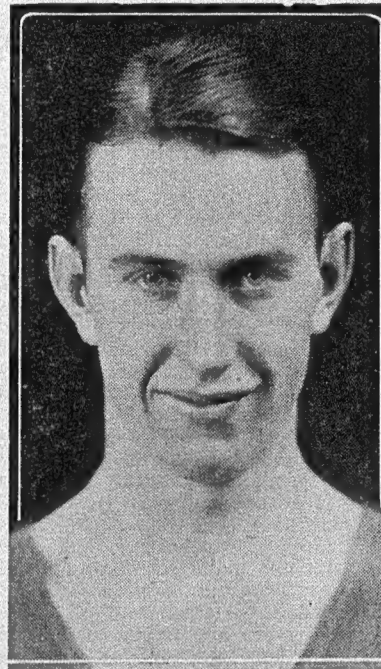
First period—Varsity, Hewitt (1:20).

Second period—Orioles, Fraser (6:10).

Penalty, Hewitt.

Third period—Orioles, Stuart (3:15); McBride (Stuart) (3:00). Varsity—Laidlaw (5:45). Penalty, Fraser.

RETURNS TO SQUAD



CLAIR MALCOLM

Absent from the Bears lineup during their first four games, Malcolm will be out there in the centre slot tomorrow night when the Varsity cagers go in against the Wildcats.

INTERFACULTY BASKETBALL

Tuesday night the Meds and Ags were still fighting for leadership in the Men's Interfaculty Basketball league, but they ended in a tie. Both games were very one-sided. In the first encounter the Aggies, led by Duncan, ran up 54 points to the Arts 20. One thing about these games, everybody gets a chance to play, and most of them score a basket or so.

First game:
Ags—Davidson (8), Wood (9), Clarke (6), Ure, Peake (2), Duncan (18), Woodford (7), Erdman (4).

Arts—Com-Law—MacDonald (6), Anderson (2), Graham (2), Morgan (14), Elliot (5), Cosburie.

Ags 54, Arts-Com-Law 29.

Second game:

Meds—Thompson (9), Ormsby (12), Wellwood (6), Wilson (13), Shillington (5).

Science—Graham (4), Thomas, Atken (1), Speedie (2), Tobie, Hearst (7), Davies, Dolgoy (2).

Meds 45, Science 16.

Varsity Girls Badly Beaten By Gradettes Thursday Night

DANIELS AND ROSS STAR

As Gradettes Run Roughshod Through Disorganized Varsity Team to Win 54-10

HURT LAST NIGHT



RALPH MAYBANK

Who caught the first puck shot at him last night with his face. It required five stitches to sew up the damage, but Maybank expects to be as good as new in a few days.

VARSITY SWIM MEET AT Y.W.C.A. FEB. 16

INTERFACULTY TEAMS COMPETING

Fine Array of Talent On All Teams

The Varsity Swimming Club will hold its interfaculty meet at the Y.W.C.A. on Feb. 16 at 8 p.m. Four men's teams, representing five faculties, will compete for honors in the various events, while several well known girl swimmers will also be in action.

Following are the names of the competitors:

Science—Bob O'Brien, Jack Bergmann, both of whom were members of last year's Varsity team; Jack Burger, Jack Carter, Stewart McArthur, and Julian Garrah.

Commerce—Don Thexton, a speedy swimmer and diver from Moose Jaw; Bob Gibson, Dick Stapells, and T. Graham.

Meds—Pat Rose, a well known local swimmer; Lionel Dobson, Tom Blades, and Art McConkey, who figured prominently on former Varsity teams.

Arts—Pharm—Dave McErracher, Ian Macdonald, Pat Woodruff, Ken McKenzie.
Among the girl swimmers will be: Carmen McRae, a former provincial champion; Betty Fox, the present 440-yard provincial title holder; Esther Nairn, Phyllis Mullen, and Betty Dick.

Events

50 yards, 100 yards, 50 yards breast stroke, 50 yards back stroke, fancy diving. There will also be an exhibition of dumb diving — diving as it should not be done.

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Displaying nothing but fighting spirit as they battled against an overwhelming deluge of basketball, Varsity girls went down to defeat before the smoothly functioning Gradette machine 54-10 Thursday night at the Varsity gym. The McIntyre-coached squad showed nothing of the form they promised before Christmas. Their passes were wild, their shooting erratic and their floor play poor. The Gradettes seemed to walk through them for baskets at will, and once they were through they made no mistake in their shooting.

Ross and Daniels led the black and gold squad, scoring 21 and 18 points respectively, while Irene Barnett led the Varsity forces with 5 points. The Gradettes were out in front from the opening whistle, and were leading 26-7 at half-time. They kept up the pressure after the rest period to score 28 more points, while they held the co-ed squad down to a single basket and a free shot. Daniels Ross and Riley shone for the winners, who as a team made a great showing. The Varsity squad tried hard, but could never seem to get organized.

Varsity—Barnett (5), Cogswell (4), Burke (11), Carlisle, Swallow, Alger, Clayton, McDonald. Total, 10. Fouls, 8. Gradettes — Holmgren (4), Daniels (18), Ross (21), Riley (7), McNeil, Gallon, Hughes, Kelliet, Williamson (4), McConkey. Total, 54. Fouls, 6.

GIRLS' HOCKEY TUESDAY

Al Wilson's co-ed puckchasers will try to make amends Tuesday night when they tangle with the Muttart Orioles next Tuesday night at the Cloverdale rink. The Orioles are at present leading the Varsity girls, having defeated them last Tuesday and tying them in the first game. Tonight the green and gold squad will pit their strength against the Dominion champion Rustlers at their rink in Jasper Place.

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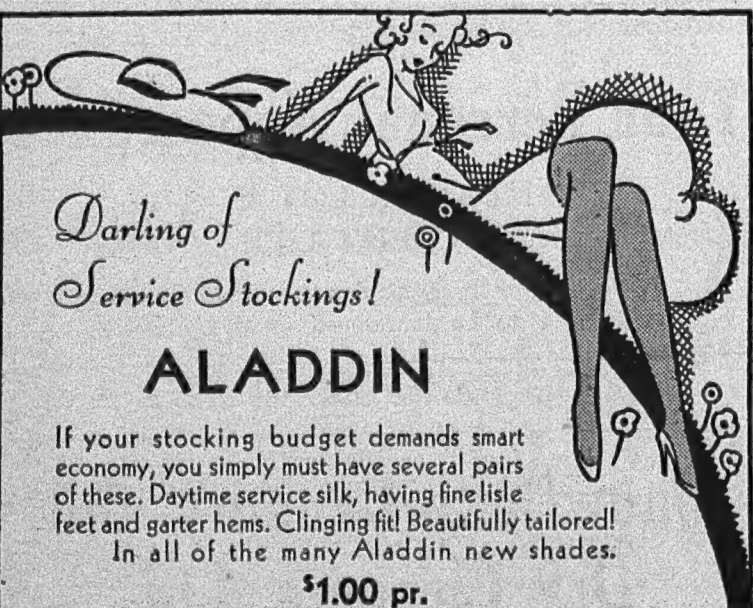
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